Harry. Peace to this meeting,
Wherefore we are met,
And to our brother France, faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely couſin Katherine,
And as a branch, and member of this ſtocke,
We do ſalute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.
Fran. Brother of England,
Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
So are we Princes Engliſh euery one.
Duke. With pardon vnto your mightineſſe:
Let it not diſpleaſe you, if I demaund
What rub or barre hath thus farre hindred you
To keepe you from the gentle ſpeech of peace?
Har. If Duke of *Burgundy* you would haue peace,
You muſt buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our Articles.
Fran. We haue but with a curſorary eye
Ore-view'd them; pleaſeth your Grace,
To let ſome of your Counſell ſit with vs,
We ſhall returne our peremptory anſwer.
Har. Go Lords, and ſit with them,
And bring vs anſwer backe.
yet leaue our couſen Katherine heere behind.
Fran. Withall our hearts.

Exit French King and the Lords.

Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

Har. Now Kate,
You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you.
If I could winne thee at Leape-frog,
Or with vauting with my armour on my backe
Into my ſaddle,
Without bragge be it ſpoken,
Ide make compare with any.

But leauing that Kate,
If thou takeſt me now,
Thou ſhalt haue me at the worſt,
And in wearing thou ſhalt haue me better and better,
Thou ſhalt haue a face that is not worth ſun-burning.
But doeſt thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint Denis and Saint George,
Shall get a boy, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople,
And take the great Turke by the beard?
Ha, *Kate.*
Kate. Is it poſſible dat me ſall
Loue de enemy de France.
Harry. No *Kate*,
It is vnpoſſible you ſhould loue the enemy of France:
For Kate I loue France ſo well,
That Ile not leaue a village,
Ile haue it all mine. Then Kate,
When France is mine,
And I am yours:
Then France is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No Kate,
Why Ile tell you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.
Let me ſee, Saint Dennis be my ſpeede.
Quan France & mon.
Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck France ettes a vous.
Kate. Den France ſall be mine.
Harry. Et ie ſuyues a vous.
Kate, And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? Tis eaſier for me